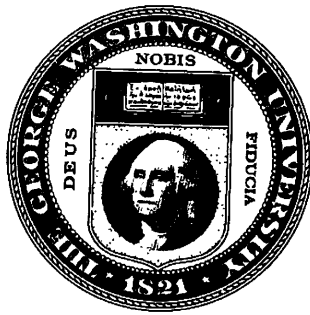


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Address,

DELIVERED AT

THE COLUMBIAN COLLEGE,

IN THE

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,

ON THE

Celebration of the National Anniversary,

JULY 4, 1826.

By JOHN W. JAMES,

A MEMBER OF THE CICERONIAN SOCIETY.

"A Jubilee shall that fiftieth year be unto you."—Leviticus xxv. 11.

WASHINGTON :

PRINTED AT THE COLUMBIAN STAR OFFICE.

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1826

July 5, 1826.

MR. JOHN W. JAMES,

SIR,

The Committees of Arrangement for the Fourth of July, in compliance with the vote of their respective Societies, and in behalf of the students in general, request you to furnish them with a copy of your Address, for immediate publication,

Yours, respectfully,

C. H. DUNN,	}	<i>Committee of the Ciceronian Society.</i>
THOMAS H. EDWARDS,		
P. T. RICHARDSON,		
JOSEPH T. ROBERT,	}	<i>Committee of the Enosinian Society.</i>
ALEXANDER ROBINSON,		
THOMAS B. BROWN,		

COLLEGE HILL,

July 5, 1826.

GENTLEMEN,

I consider myself under some obligation to comply with the flattering request you communicate; otherwise I could not lay aside the reluctance I feel to *appear in print*. The hope which animated me in writing my Address was, that I might gratify my fellow-students; if I succeeded, my ambition would have been satisfied, without this additional proof of the partial estimate which has been formed of a composition, written under circumstances, not altogether propitious.

I am,

Very respectfully,

Your servant,

JOHN W. JAMES.

MESSRS. DUNN, EDWARDS, and RICHARDSON; and
MESSRS. ROBERT, ROBINSON, and BROWN, Com-
mittees of the Ciceronian and Enosinian Soci-
eties.

Address.



AGAIN, under the protection of the Almighty Preserver, have we met to celebrate the birth of American Independence. Again have we assembled, in this temple of nature,* to pay our grateful homage to the memory of those immortal men, who achieved our freedom. Again have we listened with conscious pride to that Declaration, which, when published to the world, nerved the arm of the patriot, and struck with astonishment the haughty nation who oppressed us. It was the grand act in the great drama of Liberty,—the boldest defence of the rights and happiness of man, since the days, when Harmodius bared his glittering sword,—

When Brutus rose,
Refulgent, from the stroke of Cæsar's fate
Amid the crowd of patriots.—

And while we feel proud of the event, and thankful for the blessings resulting from it, we join in one universal prayer that the same may be extended to the whole human race; that all may partake of the same prosperity. Yes, again on this returning day, in the face of the Universe, twelve millions of people pour out their fervent aspirations for the success of those free principles, which are fighting at this hour, with the myrmidons of kings, at the very feet of thrones, across the Atlantic. From every hill and valley of this broad continent, from our ocean lakes, and our bold streams,—from the battle fields of our Revolution, from the tomb of Washington, we cry to the patriots in Europe, and bid them "God speed!"

We are now called together, fellow-citizens, to celebrate the *fiftieth* anniversary of the most memorable day in the history of the world. It is the completion of our *first Jubilee*. The thoughts which present themselves on an occasion like this, seem to swell beyond the capacity of the human mind. If we look back along the line of our National progress, and trace it to its beginning in 1776, we may ask, what was then the condition of the American Nation? There was a scattered population of only two millions, without a head, without a constitution, without laws, and yet, under these circumstances of weakness, and in this comparative infancy, daring to burst asunder the ties by which they were connected with a selfish and oppressive mother country. Let us retrace, if possible, our steps, and come down, through the mighty rush of events, to the present time. We must first pass through the gloom which enveloped, for eight years of combat, these fair fields; the horrors which spread desolation over this now happy land, sometimes deluging it with blood, some-

* The celebration was held in a grove, north of the College.

times lighting it up with horrid gleams from our burning hamlets. But the struggle was gloriously sustained ; our Independence was nobly won. Government was established on the broad principles of natural justice, and the great machine, with all its parts complete, was put in motion. Can we go through the overpowering recollection of *all* the events that have led to our prosperity ? A prosperity, unequalled in the annals of the human race ; which, far surpassing the most romantic anticipations of the friends of Liberty, and filling their minds with hope and joy, has confounded the advocates of despotism in every quarter of the civilized world. What an immense Revolution has taken place in the character of our citizens, and the condition of our country in the short space of fifty years ? Before the Declaration of our Independence, we occupied no place on the page of history, no niche in the temple of fame ; we possessed no weight in the scale of nations. We were unknown, or known only as fit subjects for the contempt and ridicule of European philosophers ; but since that memorable era, we have risen from the obscurity in which we lay, to a lofty and conspicuous eminence, exhibiting the only instance, perhaps, that ever occurred of a people who govern themselves, and yet are happy ; the only exemplar of that long desired union of Liberty and Law. In this short space of time, what Nation has not been visited by our influence ? What Statesmen have not been enlightened by our political institutions ? What iron thrones of despots have not been shaken to their centres, by the convulsions to which we gave rise in our struggle for liberty ? Son of Europe ! Do you ask, if we are prosperous ? Go to the spot where lately prowled the savage and the beast, and a *city* will tell thee. Go to the bold stream whose bosom had been disturbed but by the ripple of the light canoe, and our *ships* will tell thee. Go to the mound where the poor Indian invoked the Great Spirit, and you will hear the *praises of God* from a *temple* of splendour. Go over the world—plough the Atlantic and the Pacific, and you will find treading on every shore, and wafted before every breeze, the industrious, intelligent citizens, of the great American Republic.

Our's has been pronounced an extraordinary age, unlike all that have preceded it. We may then very properly assume the beginning of a new quarter of the nineteenth century, as a very suitable point at which to stop and review the progress of man. And having also arrived at the close of the first half century in the age of our country ; and occupying as we do an elevated stand as citizens of the freest government upon earth, we may, with the impressive feeling that we shall not witness another Jubilee, take a survey of our own as well as the other Nations of the world. But this is a wide field, presenting innumerable subjects for meditation ; we shall direct our remarks, to some of them only, referring to the peculiar circumstances which have conspired to form the character of our country, and the influence of that character abroad.

Virtue, Knowledge and Liberty are three inseparable companions. They stirred up the war of our Revolution ; they were nourished in the bosoms of our ancestors ; they were soon developed in their

children; and they have placed an impress on the American Nation as *free, enlightened, and happy*. This is the character sustained by the Union at home and abroad, among friends and foes. Its influence has pervaded our own continent, from the great lakes to the sweeping stream of La Plata; and in the other hemisphere is penetrating from the islands of the Atlantic, to the famed waters of the Ganges. It is like the hand of Almighty power: it is unseen, but felt in its effects.

The *Discovery of America* by Columbus, although looked upon at the time, as merely giving an acquisition to the Spanish crown, has proved to have been the first and leading event, in that series, which, coming on in gradual succession, has passed over the world, and wrought the most important changes in human affairs. Its immediate results were counteracted, and suppressed beneath the tyrant's rule;—but the rock has been struck by the hand of Omnipotence, and whatever impediments opposed, were in time pushed aside to give the gushing waters vent. The fame of Columbus is not uncertain and obscure: to him may we say,

Semper honos, nomenque, laudesque manebunt.

The influence of his discovery has been and is extending through the progress of ages, and his name shines with a brighter and a broader light. Yet what was the reception which was extended to the man who opened the grand scene of American discovery? Let the student of history pause at the page that begins the tale of suffering; let the present fame that attends the name of Genius, occupy his thoughts rather than the relation of the great man's wrongs. Spain gave him,

“Chains for a crown, a prison for a world!”

But men in other countries and in after times, have revered his character. His glory is not less illustrious, because by an insidious stranger a name was given to the child of his genius; it shrinks not into the dimensions of a song, nor does it barely rest upon the surface of a paltry canvass. It is with every nation, and on every tongue. Mankind now look upon him as the great pioneer, who, by a single effort, beyond the conceptions of all former ages, and above the rivalry of succeeding centuries, cleared away the rubbish and opened the slices of civil, intellectual, and religious improvement. He was not an ignorant adventurer, who struck by accident on an unknown land, but an enterprising Genius, who, untrammelled by the prejudices of the age, laid his plans on a foundation, examined by all the rules which the science of the time afforded, and confirmed by the results of his own experience. He was convinced that there was another hemisphere of the globe, and he went on the perilous search. How much sublimity in the idea—how much grandeur in its verification!

Is there
Aught that with half such majesty, can fill
The human bosom?

Is there aught like this, which has been sweeping, from century to century, down the tide of time, visiting every shore, and crumbling, with the magic name of Liberty, the chains of every slave? For with this discovery was connected the birth of *free principles*. "It gave to civilized man not only a new continent to be inhabited and cultivated, but it presented him also with a new range for his thoughts, new objects for curiosity, and new excitements to knowledge and improvement."

Thus early began the influence of the New World to be exerted, and the same benign agency which revealed it, continued to watch over it, to protect it from disastrous interference, and to lead it on to the fulfilment of its high destinies. Every circumstance connected with our history, has tended to give and increase that influence which this Government exerts on its own rising population, and on the rest of the world. Not only was the point of time at which the settlement of our shores commenced, the most favourable for the advancement of the enterprise, but so also was the remoteness of the position of America, the nature of the soil and climate and the source itself whence the stream of emigration finally flowed under the auspices of the adventurous Smith in Virginia, and the independent Puritans in New England.

The circumstance of there being no natural *barrier* on that broad stretch of land from the German Ocean to the wall of China, has always subjected the nations spread over its surface, to the invasion of every ambitious conqueror. The barbarians of Asia, in a career of boundless plunder, have swept with devastation over the plains of Europe; and sovereigns, in their schemes of universal monarchy, have spread their baleful power over that whole Eastern quarter of the globe, and turned its annals into a tale of war and misery. Social progress has ever been interrupted by a free and broad communication of evil principle and feeling, policy and passion. In this state of things it was most fortunate for the welfare and advance of man, that another country opened and still opens a new theatre for human developement. Colonies were planted here and grew up, from infancy to strength, and manhood, undisturbed by the convulsions arising from the ambition, or policy of sovereigns, or from the civil wars which have shaken to their foundations the other nations of the globe. Nature has thrown a bulwark around our country; She has secluded it, that our National character might grow up untainted by the impurities of the Old World: to preserve among ourselves this character,—to give it a happy influence upon other continents, our *separation*, without being unfriendly, must be maintained.—Dangers are also upon our own borders: let the officers of this Government ever be mindful that they are guardians of the holy flame of Liberty; on other shores may be seen a kindling spark; but here alone the flame burns bright and strong. It is on the altar, raised amid toil and death, by our forefathers, and sprinkled with their blood. Let us stand around it, and nourish it, until it shall illumine every nation, and every people shall come to light the torch of their own freedom!

The nature of the *climate* and *soil* of the South had an effect on the settlement of the country, and on the establishment of its institutions, which will be felt to the remotest period of its history. The luxuriant growth of vegetable productions, and the extensive mines of precious ore, induced the wandering tribe to fix upon a permanent habitation, and institute some form of Government. Hence empires were founded, extensive indeed, but savage and depraved, amidst the super-abundance which nature threw around them. They were a tempting prey to European adventurers, and the poor aborigines were extirpated by the most shocking and murderous warfare that ever darkened the page of history. The seeds of corruption were sown and spread into the most frightful systems of despotism; systems, which will require centuries to root out, and which have thrown obstacles in the way of the Patriots, at almost every step. To this cause may we ascribe the long reign of darkness and terrour in South America; to this cause may we ascribe the prejudices and institutions, which appear to be engrafted on the country, which are incompatible with a republican system, and which has obliged the founders of those States to "express their regret that the situation of the country and of its population did not allow them to prefer a more perfect structure of government."

But none of these difficulties were to be encountered in the establishment of our country. The climate and soil of the United States have had an effect on the characters of their Government and citizens, but one widely different from that which has been felt by our brethren of the South. To the savage and scattered tribes of the North, no inducements were presented for the foundation of permanent systems; few spontaneous luxuries of nature held them to one spot, in spiritless inactivity; but when oppressed in one country by heat or cold, by wind or rain, they sought out another;—they followed their game from forest to forest, from prairie to prairie;—they bore their wieldy barks from river to lake, from lake to sea. They set up no sign to forbid the entrance of the stranger, but as they performed their annual migrations, they left their old retreats to new inhabitants; and when they did lay claim to a tract of country, their relinquishment was readily bought by a gaudy trifle. Our settlers met no empires to overturn, no king to be dethroned and murdered, no nations to be enslaved or slaughtered, before they could lay the foundations of their Colonies. They planted undisturbed the germ of Government; it sprung up; its growth was not obstructed, but the tree grew fair and green, strong and healthy and fruitful, beneath the sunshine of heaven. It spread abroad its branches, and lifted its towering foliage in the air, till millions found a safe and happy retreat beneath its shade.

Nature threw no softness about the North American to invite him to repose. He has ever met a climate severe in both extremes to be endured: the hardness of the soil was to be subdued; its roughness and sterility were to be converted into waving beauty and productive richness. Honest industry and frugality could alone make the land

a bosom for our hardy, intelligent, and teeming population. Let us then congratulate ourselves, that "our lot has been cast" in a land, whose productions were not the enervating luxuries of the "sultry line," but which supplied the growth of virtues that expand and elevate the mind. This is our reasonable boast, and we feel thankful for the blessing whenever we turn our eyes to softer skies. "Describe," says one of our most commended orators, who has touched every theme connected with the story of his native land with the finest eloquence—"Describe to me a country, rich in veins of precious metals, that is traversed by good roads. Inform me of the convenience of bridges, where the rivers roll over golden sands. Tell me of a thrifty, prosperous village of freemen, in the miserable districts where every clod of the earth is kneaded up for diamonds, beneath the lash of the task-master. No, never! while the constitution, not of states, but of human nature, remains the same; never! while the laws, not of civil society, but of God, are unrepealed, will there be a hardy, virtuous, independent yeomanry in regions, where two acres of untilled banana will feed a hundred men."

Another circumstance which has essentially affected the character of our country, was the *source* whence came the first emigrants to our shores. Let us pass our eyes over the continent of Europe, and ask ourselves, from which of her great nations it would have been our delight to spring? Which is the most liberal, the most cultivated, the most prosperous? Which soonest and farthest emerged from the frightful systems of despotism? Which is the abode of free principles, and in which has the form of Liberty been seen? Where are the greatest poets, philosophers, and historians? What land has borne the greatest heroes? Where are the "lords of the lion heart and eagle eye?" What nation has sent its victorious bulwarks from sea to sea, and who sways the councils of empires? We are proud of our *British origin*. We are proud that some of the brightest examples of virtue were the brethren of our forefathers; that a Hampden and a Howard have been our models; that we

Speak the language
Shakspeare spoke, the faith and morals hold
That Milton held.

It is no light thing that the mother of our Union is the land of the brave and the free—the soil where literature and science most flourish—the theatre in which most of the grand events of modern times have occurred. It has had a strong effect in forming the character of the sons of America, and it reflected a genial warmth on the seeds of greatness and glory, which have sprung up and adorned the land.

We hear of England in our earliest years; by the maternal lip it is spoken of in connection with our own country, and we grow up, holding it in reverence, and in fancy looking towards it with awe and admiration, as a grand fabric, strangely connected with antiquity and our own days. Beneath the Gothic arches of her halls, were once seen the sons of Rome; and her own youth once shone in the Court

of the Cæsars : yet, the tones of Spenser's harp are familiar to our ears, and we converse in the language of Bacon and of Locke.—But the youth first learns to look in the English annals, for the early history of his own country : he sees arise from the sea of British story, in brightness and beauty, the fair form of young America ; it is through the pages of English history that he follows from the beginning, the illumined track of the first Adventurer on the shores of Virginia. England was our protectress long after the hero who awakened our affection slept with his fathers ; in the conflict of nations her cause was our cause ; in our battles we felt confident in the strength of her assistance, against fraud and cruelty, until she herself wronged and oppressed us—until she forgot the name of mother and became the tyrant—*then* the links of the chain were broken ! But, although our love ceased, and cruelty burst the tie which united the two countries, with a shock we dared to meet, we cannot forget the relation we once bore, and the relation we now bear, to Britain. Even this recollection will elevate the pride we feel that “the earthquake voice of victory,” which told that America was free, trembled through the base of the boasted Isle, and shook the throne of a hundred Kings. The conduct of our Patriots is the glory of the States, and we rejoice that their successful repulse of invasion, inflicted on the enemy an eternal punishment of remorse, for ingratitude and oppression.

Such, then, were the extraordinary circumstances, under which the North American Colonies were settled—circumstances which impressed on them a character, and placed them in a situation, essentially different from the Colonies of antiquity, and those on our own borders. The emigrants themselves were men of uncommon mould. They left their country for ever, and came hither to select a spot where to fix their hopes, their affections, their pursuits. When they left their native shore, it was to escape from intolerance, civil and religious ; they brushed away the tear that started from the eye ; the sigh that swelled the bosom was suppressed ; and they turned all their feelings in the channel of their future prospects. They bent their view on the bold scene which was opening, and with calm and solemn thought they commenced the new and important duties they had assumed. They brought with them all the improvements, with a detestation of the impurities, of the old world, to make a virtuous experiment of their moral system. Every thing in the age, religion and learning, inspired high purposes and gave the ability to execute them. All was light in the intellectual world, and they reflected its beams on the darkness of their new country. They surrounded themselves with attachments, and made a *home* for themselves and their sons, and their sons' sons. When the earth received into its bosom the bones of the fathers, the last and strongest wish of their children was, that their own tombs should be dug beside them. The descendants of the emigrants became gradually detached from England, and the late scattered settlements grew into Colonies, and Governments, resting upon their own resources. The welfare of future generations was consulted ; and the broad foundation of our civil and religious liberties were laid, by the cul-

tivation of virtuous and industrious habits and independent principles.

Our fathers never were slaves : they always felt the rights to which they were entitled in common with other British subjects, and firmly demanded, at the foot of the throne, to exercise the privileges which belonged to English commoners. From the very first attempts to deprive them of these rights, they began to entertain thoughts of determined resistance. While they acknowledged England as the parent country, they ever had a repugnance to an entire submission to the control of foreign legislation. They boldly produced their charters, by which they were authorized to conduct their own concerns, by their own councils. They resisted the governing board in England, whose object it was to restrict and monopolise their trade ; the controversy "grew with their growth," and when time had given them strength, it required only measures of strong and palpable injustice, to produce that burst of indignation, which was to call the energies of the people into action. Such measures were not long in coming. While combustible materials were daily collecting in the New world, the sparks which were to kindle the whole was produced in the Old. Lord North applied the match : the right of taxation was asserted ; the stamp act was passed ; and the royal governors were ordered to tear those accused of treason from their homes to be tried in England, by a jury of strangers. Did our fathers bear all this ? No ! they arose in the majesty of their strength, and grandeur of their cause—and the empire was severed. The moral power of the People proclaimed and supported the immutable truth, that "*taxation and representation were inseparable*," The whirlwind was raised, and there were spirits in the land strong enough to "direct the storm." Conciliation was spurned. Patrick Henry,

"The forest-born Demosthenes,"

proclaimed in the Capitol of Virginia—"There is no longer any room for hope. If we mean to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—*we must fight !* I repeat it, WE MUST FIGHT ! An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts is all that is left us !" This voice was heard in Britain, and it met an answering chord in the heart of the noble Pitt : rising from a bed of sickness, he tottered to the floor of Parliament, to tell our oppressors "*he rejoiced America had resisted !*"

The first blow that was struck for Liberty resounded over the plains of Lexington, and thrilled to the heart of the country. The call to war was an appeal to principle, and all the virtue of the land pressed forward to the conflict. It was not the preparation of the hardened mercenary. It was not the rising of men maddened with religious or political fanaticism, whose means were havoc and whose end was plunder. It was the start of the citizen from his bed to

defend his wife and children from the robber that assailed his home—it was the majestic motion of old age, when the habits of life were interrupted, when the reward and the fruit of his labour were taken away, when the children of his joy and hope were oppressed—it was the vigorous burst of youth in manly sentiment and manly strength, from the chains that were rivetting on his sinewy limbs—it was the awful tread of the Patriot buckling on his armour—it was the sublime resolve of the Philosopher when the rights of man were trampled under foot—it was a spectacle of moral grandeur—a nation of freemen hurling back an act of oppression!

Men, who, in other countries and in other causes, would be left undisturbed by the hurricane of war, were the leaders in the people's battle. Men of retired habits and contemplative pursuits, of peaceful disposition and unassuming manners; men engaged in the inquiries of philosophy, the divine, the lawyer, and the physician, all assumed the garb of war, and went forth,

“ Their country's daring champions; told their foes,
Told them in thunders o'er the threaten'd land,
They were not born for slaves!”

They were not like the heroes of ancient times. Their exploits and their sacrifices give more practical lessons of pure patriotism than all antiquity can furnish; lessons which are brought home to us and engraved on our hearts. We *know* our brave countrymen—our citizen heroes. We can point to the cheerful firesides they left, and turn to the rugged spot on which they spread their cheerless camp. We can enter into the peaceful habits of their domestic life, and compare their contented occupations with the dark perils that met them in the field. Yes, we know it all, the whole story. There is no mystery about it, which by involving the tale in darkness, can lay hold upon the fancy. No obscurity rests on the facts; no false colouring is attempted to be given. The struggle was a resolute, manly, resistance “for conscience, and for liberty's sake.” They had to contend not merely with an overwhelming power, already flushed with victory, but against deep rooted habits, and their natural love of domestic ease, of order and peace. Yet they shrunk not from the task, but went forth with resistless energy and performed actions of undying fame.

Such was the war of our Independence—such the men who fought—such the men who, “appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions, solemnly published and declared that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States;” and “for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, they mutually pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour.” This is the act which we have met to commemorate. We speak of events which preceded it, and which followed, but the act itself is above our praise; it is beyond our delineation. It stands in grandeur in the most simple narration; and we would not insult the pure, and exalted, and inexpressible feelings with which we contemplate it, by attempting to describe them. The student of history

finds nothing to equal it on the broad page where is written the account of man's achievements; the philosopher bows before it as the boldest conception of the human mind; the poet, in contemplation of it, soars into the loftiest flights of imagination. It is a theme which eloquence cannot exhaust, and an event which has exploded the long cherished theories of political science.

This bold announcement of our Congress, was supported by the most determined struggle, and amid the darkest of those times that tried men's souls, it was a cheering light, which guided the statesman in the Cabinet, and animated and strengthened the soldier in the field, inspiring him with an heroic ardour, when he thought that, in the face of the world, his young country had proclaimed her Independence.

Our antagonist was the mightiest nation upon earth—the most victorious in war—the most prosperous in peace. She came out against us, the giant Philistine against the stripling David. Her brow was encircled by a wreath, fresh and green, woven with a leaf of conquest, plucked from every land. She was supposed to be well acquainted with the country—her late colonies; she despised our strength, and felt confident in her success. And did our little bark sink in the storm which such a power could raise around it? No! it rode over the billows with glory and success. After eight years of conflict we were victorious; the British Lion crouched before the American Eagle; and the submission of Cornwallis produced an acknowledgment of our Independence, and restored peace with all its blessings.

But even when rewarded with success,

“ Much yet remained
To conquer still: Peace had her victories,
No less renown'd than war.”

Our countrymen fought for *principle*, and the just exultations of triumph were not debased by a departure from the sacred cause which led them to the field. In the same individuals, the citizen immediately superseded the soldier, and the only effort among the whole people was wisely to preserve what had valiantly been won. War had not instilled a love of blood and plunder, but the officer and the private returned in satisfaction to the same level from which they had sprung, and patiently awaited the decision of those who were engaged in the important task of framing the structure of government. To frame this structure, nicely to examine it, to test it in every joint, all the genius of the country, in State and National Assemblies, was called into exercise. In close and solemn conclave they debated the high interests of man, and a constitution was adopted, endowing us with all our rights, yet combining all the safeguards that society can need, with all the power that a government should require. This constitution is the strength of our union, and the basis of our liberties; on it the fabric of our greatness and prosperity has been raised, and it will remain a perpetual memorial to the nations that are now, and are to come.

Nor are we ungrateful to those who elevated us to the rank we hold among the people of the earth. We look with veneration on those illustrious men by whose perils and whose labours the blessings we enjoy were procured. Their deeds enrich our memories—their monuments are in our hearts. But how few, how very few, now survive to receive the tribute of our grateful acknowledgments. Our Washington, our Greene, our Warren, our Henry—we see them not. They are gone to that undiscovered region from whose bourne no traveller ever returned; “and the places that knew them once, shall know them no more.” If the offerings, and the tears, and the prayers of millions of their countrymen could have arrested the stroke of death, they had not died. But

ΜΟΝΟΣ ΘΕΩΝ ΣΑΥΑΓΓΟΣ & ΔΩΡΩΝ ΕΡΑ, ΞΔΕ ΘΥΩΝ ΟΥ? ΕΠΙΣΤΡΕΝ ΔΩΝ ΝΑΟΙΣ.

From thoughts of the departed, we have lately turned, with overflowing joy, to one whose life seems to have been prolonged by an indulgent Heaven, that he might witness the warmth of a “nation’s welcome.” His home is in a foreign land, but his fame is *here*, incorporated with the glory of our patriots: his name is enrolled on the same page with Washington’s, with Lee’s, with Mercer’s, and many more of our beloved champions. And, Oh! if the spirits of those whose forms have bowed to the common destinies of man, ever look upon this world; if they ever attend to events that are passing among us; if they beheld their compeer, their brother apostle in the cause of liberty, landing on our shouting shores, going amidst a crowd of our welcoming population, from one end of the continent to the other, received into the arms, and pressed to the hearts, of the aged and the young—if they could behold all this, a burst of sympathy and joy, too pure for us to imagine, must have broke from their bosoms, and swelled from the tongues of the happy, into a song of thanksgiving and of praise!

And, again, on this sacred day, how will the same song arise—what precious tears will be dropped, when they see clouds of incense rising from a thousand altars reared to Liberty and the memory of their deeds!—when they behold, not *two* but *twelve* millions of their children uniting in one voice of thanks to their heroic achievements! And, my fellow-citizens, how happy shall *we* be, if the mite of our grateful feelings shall join and swell the stream that from Maine to Georgia, at this hour, floats to Heaven!

But while in reverence we pay our grateful homage to the departed spirits of the Revolution, let us not be forgetful of those who yet linger around the firesides of their children. They are sinking one by one from our sight, although from our thoughts they can never disappear. Their silver heads are honoured, and the youth bows in devotion to their venerable forms, and blesses himself that his birth has permitted him to behold the last relics which the storm of war, and the waste of time has left behind. But mere *honour*, although a balm to heal their sorrows, will not smoothe their passage to the tomb. If it were necessary, the Treasury of the country, the foundations of whose prosperity they laid, should be emptied to the

last cent, to contribute to their comforts. They are not long to be with us—no others can ever possess the same claims,—and shall we withhold any earthly consolation we can supply? No; stricken to marble be his heart, who, while he learns lessons of patriotism, religion, and virtue from the patriarchs of the land, sees the cold grasp of poverty fasten on their limbs, and raises not an arm to release the victim—that basely uses the money of the people, for his private gratification, or purposes of corruption.

Of the fifty-six worthies who braved the vengeance of England, and put their names beneath the awful blazonry of those magic words which, for the first time were thundered in the ears of Kings, but three now survive to unite in the rejoicings of this day. Two of these, we hope have said that “their last days are their best days.” But the *third*—he, whose lofty mind dictated those immortal lines, which have just been read in your hearing,—who was first in the cabinet, as Washington was first in the field; laying, in times of doubt and danger, upon the altar of his country’s service, all his talents and all his exertions; occupying, from his youth upward, the post of honour, and, in the troublous times of 1801, standing firm, the Palinurus of our ship,—he, the now venerable sage, can struggle in his weakness no longer with adversity, but bends beneath its power, and asks the relief of his fellow citizens. The Legislature of his native State granted him the boon he asked, and it should be the pride of those who advocated his cause, that to them it was permitted to minister to the last wishes of the philosophic statesman, who gave to Virginia and his country a Bill of Rights, and proclaimed the magnanimous principles of Religious Freedom; who, in his closing days has erected another pillar for the support of free Government, and whom, even in poverty, the proudest King that ever “swayed o’er millions” might look upon with envy.—But the people of the nation will not suffer a single State to perform alone the enviable task of raising, above anxiety and want, him whom all delight to honour, and whom even the stranger visits, as the pilgrim from a foreign land, the shrine of a saint. They attempt not to discharge the debt: neither they, nor their posterity can ever discharge it. *That* must be left to the grateful heart, which

“By owing, owes not, but still pays.”

This general excitement, like that at the visit of Lafayette, is not mechanical nor transient in its effects. An accidental impulse is not the cause of such movements; but they are as solemn and reflective, and will be as lasting and widely impressive, as they are extraordinary. They are to be traced to the character and operation of our institutions, to which they bear a singular testimony. They furnish without being intended so to do, a decided refutation of the suspicion and taunt which European royalists have often exultingly expressed, that we had grown, or should ere long become, discontented with our republicanism and our patriots.

But the annual rejoicings of this day, the honourable mention that is made of all who spoke or fought for us, repels the charge of in-

gratitude. That "Republics must fall," the rising, the accelerated rising of our country answers. That "Democracy is misery" all around us will deny.—Why does the array of arms glitter in the city and on the plain? Why, in the voice of war, does hill speak to hill, and valley echo unto valley? Why, over the classic haunts of the student, over his halls, and his groves, is waving the gay banner of his country? Why is here heard the sound of the clarion and the beat of the heart-stirring drum? Why has the venerable Herald of God uttered forth his holy prayer? Why on this day congregate here the wise and the good, the young, and beautiful of the land?—It is because *we are happy*—we are glad on this, the Jubilee of Independence. We "hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." The descendants of the men of '76, they who struck for freedom, have come up together to worship.

"The sun is on the waters, and the air
Breathes with a stirring energy; the plants
Expand their leaves, and swell their buds and blow,
 wooing the eye, and stealing on the soul,
With perfume and with beauty. Life awakes;
Its wings are waving and its fins at play,
Glancing from out the streamlets, and the voice
Of love and joy is warbled in the grove;
And children sport upon the springing turf,
With shouts of innocent glee, and youth is fired
With a diviner passion, and the eye
Speaks deeper meaning, and the cheek is filled,
At every tender motion of the heart,
With purer flashings: for the boundless power
That rules all living creatures now has sway;
In *man* refined to holiness, a flame
That purifies the heart it feeds upon."

On this day we meet to listen to the recital of our country's sufferings, and our country's triumphs. Shall we be ever tired of the story so oft and eloquently told? Shall we ever hush up the memory of our father's griefs, merely because it tends to awaken hostile feelings.—No, never!—While we hold England in respect above other nations, we will never forget what she was during the last century, and in 1812—her corrupt ministry and unjust measures, which made it necessary for the American People to appeal to arms. We, and posterity, should know and ever recollect the feelings and the actions of our Revolutionary times. We and they should know how our Independence was won, and the dear price that was paid for it.—Hush our wrongs! Where is the man that dares advise it? That dares erase the brightest page from our history, and bid us forget why and how the blood of our fathers was poured out like water upon the soil over which we walk? As well might we have asked Athens to forget her Marathon, and Greece her Plataea—as well might we ask England to forget her Cressy, and Agincourt, and Poitiers, as Americans to forget the sufferings and the deeds of their Revolution! Were we silent on such a theme, the aged would reproach us, and the young cry out against us. The very nation whose

pride we wished to flatter would despise us. She has had her disasters and her victories; the memory of her heroes is embalmed in classic eulogy; the banners of her conquered foes wave in her ancient halls, and splendid monuments are raised to commemorate the glories of her battle-fields. And yet how much more was achieved for America in *one* war, than all the boast of English history?—Never, my countrymen, may we suppress our indignation, when we think of Lexington—never may we withhold a tear at the recollection of Morristown—never may we cease to exult at the mention of Trenton, Bennington, and Saratoga, Monmouth, the Cowpens, and York!

We should ever be impressed, too, with the thought of what might have been the situation of the colonies had our fathers failed,—had they not resolutely arisen, and nerved their hearts for the act of that day we now celebrate. Had not the men of '75 supported their leaders, Hancock, and Adams, and Henry would have perished on an English scaffold. Had they not stood up in the moral strength and dignity of their cause, guided, and protected, and counselled by the God of battles, the throb for Liberty that was quick and high throughout the land, would have been hushed—to beat no more!

But the sun of America has risen above the clouds that lowered on the horizon, and ascends high up the heavens. We have watched the spreading light from the first beams of the morning, and we stand now under the broad effulgence of day.—We have seen our country first starting up in the ocean, and noticed the peculiar destiny, to which it appears allotted, displaying itself in all the circumstances of discovery and settlement, in the struggle for freedom, and the foundation of our Independence. Our own time has been a witness to that harrassing conflict which exhibited by land and sea, the firmness of the American spirit, and in which the achievements of our warriors shed a new and imperishable lustre, on the name of the Republic, and enrolled with the fame of the fathers, the glory of their sons.

And now, that the storm of contention has passed, and the day of peace has come, we may be excused for turning with delighted feelings, to contemplate our country, as she stands at this hour, in the spring and vigour of her youthful exuberance. It is not to pamper national pride, that we would recite the praises of our Republic; but, it is that we may look with renewed confidence to the Government which protects us; which has advanced with the most brilliant success, and which has not disappointed, but far surpassed, the expectations of its founders. It is that we may know that our ancestors did not rest their claims to liberty and property on a *Magna Charta*, forced by the sword from a pusillanimous and tyrannous King, but that they looked to Heaven as the source of their rights, and claimed, not from the promises of Monarchs, but from the parent of the Universe. It is that we may justly prize that Constitution which is not a grant of privileges from a superior lord, but a compact entered into by the People themselves—giving all equal rights—transmitting its benefits through every class of citizens, down to the humblest peasant—granting no

privileges, no superiority, but to talents and virtue—bestowing a monopoly of office on no rank—putting every post of the Government in the “market of merit,”—calling up the powers, exercising the faculties, and awakening the emulation of the whole mass—penetrating to the remotest quarters of the system—appealing to the energy of the land, and searching out the latent ability of its children.

Americans may well boast, who have in fifty years spread to six times their original number; who have overstepped their ancient boundaries and stretched their territory from the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi to the Pacific; who have assumed, as if by instinct, an improved code of private law, a bold precision of diplomacy, and a large system of commercial and national interests. They have taken the lead in vigour of improvement, and practical science. Mendicity is almost unknown; Slavery, the “plague spot of society,” is verging to decay; Labour is in immense demand, and its rewards are abundant; Agriculture, the Mechanic arts, and Manufactures, are advancing with mighty strides; the bowels of the Alleghanies are pouring forth their treasures of iron, coal, and lead; and the huge savannas of the West, trodden a few years ago by the bison, the cougar, and the wolf, are echoing the noise of forges, looms, and bloomeries. The export trade of the Republic has risen to a triple increase since the beginning of the present century; its steam vessels are unsurpassed in number, tonnage, and velocity; the extent of its Canals exceeds the efforts of the modern world, and the mighty ways and aqueducts of imperial Rome herself, are brought into hazardous comparison. In the course of the past year, we have beheld, as the President of the nation expresses himself, “under the auspices, and at the expense of one State of the Union, a new University unfolding its portals to the sons of science, and holding up the torch of human improvement to eyes that seek the light. We have seen, under the persevering and enlightened enterprise of another State, the waters of our Western Lakes mingled with those of the Ocean.”

Such are the emblems of Liberty. Such it is to be a free People. Such it is to have almost sprung from the bosom of the British empire, like Pallas from the brain of Jove, full-grown and armed in proof. But the *Confederate Republic* is not motionless; it is all activity, and life, and strength, and we see it marching on to extended dominion, and rising to unrivalled power. We look forward to the illustrious period, when the growing tide of population shall have fertilized the Western wilderness; and a mighty race, one in sentiment, one in virtue, one in interest, speaking no more than a single tongue, shall be busied in lighting up and transmitting the lamp of knowledge, without interruption, from the dens of Onalaska to the Capes of Florida!

But the eyes of the world are upon us. We stand like a light and a beacon in the midst of nations. When the public voice is heard, it speaks to the universe. We inspire greater awe in the calmness of our civic strength, than the proudest demonstrations of military conquerors. Yesterday, we were unborn: to-day, we hold our Ægis over the Western hemisphere. Beneath our influence, and by the light of our inspiring example, the South became impatient of its

fetters and indignantly burst them. It aroused from the slumber of Slavery, and awakened to a new day of glorious light. Eight Republics, assimilated to our own, in government and institutions, sprung into being, and announced their Independence. We felt the strongest interest in their struggle; we gloried in their emancipation, and were proud and prompt to recognize their brotherhood. It was an exulting moment when the national acclaim told the Monarchs of Europe, "*America, from North to South, is free!*" And why was it so, my countrymen? Can any one doubt that the Southern Republics were animated by our success, and cheered by our voice? The *dicta* of the United States have appalled the oligarchs of Europe, but they were the sounds of encouragement to Colombia, Mexico, and their sisters.

The universal hallelujahs of peace and prosperity, which arise at our national anniversaries, float over our hills, from range to range, till Panama is passed—

"Every mountain then doth find a tongue:
The *Andes* answer through their misty shroud
Back to the joyous *Blue* who call to them aloud."

The sound pervades the Pacific;—it has crossed the Atlantic. Wherever it reaches it proclaims INDEPENDENCE. It speaks in thunder, and scatters dismay through the cabinets of Kings. But they have heard in silence. They have an instinctive foreboding that the dark cloud comes heavily on, charged with their fate; and by its flashings they read the *writing on the wall!*

Uneasiness and disaffection exist among the people of Europe; the spirit of reform is discovering itself in every direction, and seems waiting only a favourable moment to break forth, and show the strength which supports it, and the number of its adherents.—We cannot be deceived. The friends of Liberty are conscious that knowledge is indestructible, and that Liberty is inseparable from knowledge;—that all the interests which support the cause of tyranny must gradually wear away, while those which point to Freedom must increase with the mighty progress of time. When man is cut off from the common benefits and decencies of life,—unblessed with any of those ties which seem the natural inheritance of the whole animal creation,—degraded to a mere supernumerary in society, he is reduced to live on the treasures of his own breast, and compelled to seek in the regions of the mind what fate seems to have refused him on earth. His mental exertion gives him mental pre-eminence. He ranges with an eye of judgment and honesty through the whole science of morals,—from morals to politics, and he becomes familiar with the true objects of government, and with the expedients which experience has proved to be the best adapted to secure its great purposes; he is animated with the transcendent work of Liberty, and his bosom throbs at the names and deeds of heroes, and patriots, and martyrs. Can a being, thus enlightend, rest satisfied with his inertness and slavery? Will he crouch to a tyrant? No: his voice will be heard—his influence felt. He will resist the thralldom which keeps him down, and break the chains that bind him to be led;—

“redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled,” he will walk abroad among his fellows in all the original dignity of his creation!

Fellow Citizens! you are members of that great Republic, which you have seen exerting its influence on the world. You are not mere lookers-on. You have separate stations in your country; you form each a definite, distinct part of the system; you have power, and a voice in the direction of affairs. While the influence of your fathers' example is stirring all Europe, will you be unmindful of the current of events? Will you be inactive? Will you retrograde? Put out your faculties,—spread abroad your energies,—exert for your country every talent with which you are endowed,—send your thoughts across the Atlantic, and by your cheering voice, encourage the oppressed in the other hemisphere once more to the conflict.

Fair Daughters of my Country! Upon you, also, have been reflected the improvements of the age. You have been raised in the scale of social estimation to your proper rank—a rank above that assigned you among even the polished nations of antiquity—above both the degradation and the romantic homage of the boasted age of chivalry. In order to attract devotion, and respect, public sentiment requires in your sex a standard of excellence, approaching “the ethereal region of mind and morals where dwelt the pure spirits of the Edgeworths and the Mores.” You have certainly no unimportant part to act. You are the companions of the present—you are the mothers of the rising generation. Recollect that Portia was the worthy wife of Brutus—that Cornelia was the noble mother of the Gracchi. Recollect that the venerable mother of our Washington educated and formed the hero of his country.

Fellow Students! Members of the Ciceronian and Enosinian Societies;—Warmly does the humble individual, who has addressed you, acknowledge the honour which on this occasion you have bestowed upon him. With appalling diffidence has he undertaken to be your public organ, to address you, and the enlightened audience before him, on this, the National Anniversary. But confident in the partial consideration of his associates; conscious that your patriotic hearts would vibrate in accordance with every sentiment of him, who spoke of your country's glory, he has not feared to come before you, and

“Pour the fervour of his spirit forth,”

on the grateful, joyous theme.

The States of our Union have been marching forward to knowledge, virtue, and liberty, surpassing, in the rapid increase of their prosperity, all that has ever been known among nations. Their example has exercised a more powerful influence on the minds of men, in unfolding to them the secret of their strength, and in explaining the practicability of resistance, than any other event amid the conquests, revolutions, and convulsions of the world. It was a spark caught from our altar that lighted up the flames of Liberty in *France*; How soon they were obscured by clouds of violence and cruelty, injustice and impiety, history blushes while she tells. Yet France is

more prosperous than she ever was, and under the fair surface of things, there is a hidden stream in motion, going throughout the land, undermining the throne, and washing away the foundations of despotism. In *Poland*, a patriot hero, who fought for the cause of Freedom under Washington, made a glorious effort to raise his country to liberty and happiness. *Spain*, arose for freedom, but she was trampled down by the allies of legitimacy. Her sons entered the noble strife, but perished by her temples. Yet their blood—the blood of the heroic Riego shall be avenged—

“ For who dies in vain
Upon his country’s war-fields, and within
The shadow of her altars ?

The voice of noble blood,
Thus poured for faith and freedom hath a tone,
Which, from the night of ages, from the gulf
Of death shall burst, and make its high appeal,
Sound unto earth and heaven !”

Over the Alps, the spirits of Petrarch and Rienzi seemed once to hover, and the sword of *Italy* was drawn to fight in the sacred cause; but the Despots turned the glittering blade upon the fair bosom it was raised to protect! Towards *Germany* the Imperial jealousy has been awakened. Her education and intelligence, her spirit of inquiry into the principles of the social order, and of social happiness, make her a just object of mistrust to the holy league; and it is not long since that a mere indication of a free spirit, in some of her Universities struck a panic through all the circles of the Empire.— But the grand battle between the freeman and the slave, between man, and his oppressor, is gloriously sustained in the land of Homer. The enemies of liberty have stood exulting at the struggles of lovely *Greece* in the gory grasp of Turkish barbarism. But the scimitar will yet be broken, and the crescent go down in blood from “the bright clime of battle and of song,” for which Byron died,—the warrior bard, who struck his golden lyre to Washington, and raised his arm for freedom!

This is the scene, my fellow students, which the world presents to you. The spirit of Revolution is abroad, but the *fulcrum* is safe in America. She stands on a foundation firm and everlasting. Her advantages of physical strength and pecuniary resources are daily increasing, and in her rapid progress she must outstrip the tottering steps of her elder sister. Already,

Westward the Star of Empire takes its way.

Already have some of the pillars of greatness been erected: here, only, has the great experiment of a popular Government succeeded; here, only, do men enjoy complete freedom of conscience; here, was the missionary spirit revived, and from our shores was sent, to the inhabitant of Asia, the Gospel of Christ, bearing peace and knowledge; here, first, was the slave-holder forbid his horrid traffic, and Americans were the first to atone for the unutterable wrongs of Africa, and spread the blessings of civilization around the black man, on his ancient soil. All this has been done for us. And is nothing left to be performed?

Much yet remains undone. It is ours to *preserve* and *improve* the legacies that have been left to us—to enter upon the new paths that are opened, or to explore others. The arts and sciences are not at a stand. Our forefathers were content to dwell in cabins made of logs: their descendants are rearing palaces. Knowledge was looked for only at the port: now it is found all over the interior. Where a colony could furnish a single newspaper, a State now sends forth its hundreds. Yet in our intellectual world there are but few etherial summits, fair and conspicuous in the lustre of Heaven—many a point is yet to be gained—they wait for *us*.

From the student of an American College, much is expected. His country depends upon him—the oppressed of Europe depend upon him. He is to enter the lists with the crowned heads of the other Continent. The modern Tamerlanes, and Bajazets, and Ghabors, are about to wage an implacable crusade against the rights of man—the youth of America are to be their opponents. *But let us fear not.*—The issue of the contest between Kings and the People, however momentous, and however often decided in other times, cannot at this day be doubtful. THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE IS THE VOICE OF GOD. When sovereigns arm against public sentiment, the die is cast—their fate is sealed. Letters are too generally diffused, for society ever again to retrograde. Its march must advance on an ascending scale, for *opinion*, by which this march is regulated, within the sphere of society, is omnipotent. Like the aerial currents, though unseen, it is in mighty and ceaseless operation. It cannot be staid. It is unmindful of geographical distinctions, or the boundaries of empire; it pervades, with an electrical influence, alike the dome and the cell, the palace and the cottage; and with its magic power, it can seize the very pedestal on which the monarch stands, and crumble it to dust! Tyrants! in vain do ye oppose it!

“ In vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit mind’s unwearied spring:
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep?
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No: the wild wave contemns your sceptered hand,
It roll’d not back when Canute gave command!”

EULOGY

ON

THOMAS JEFFERSON,

DELIVERED AT THE COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, D. C.

ON THE FOURTH OF OCTOBER, 1826.

BY JOHN W. JAMES,

A Member of the Senior Class.

"Magnanimous in youth, glorious in life, great in death."

WASHINGTON.

.....
1826.

Eulogy.



AMIDST the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been lately stunned by one of those powerful death notes, which are pealed at intervals as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. THOMAS JEFFERSON, who has so long and so amply filled one of the highest places in the eyes of his countrymen, has shared the lot of humanity!—There was a sound of mirth throughout our borders. America had gathered then her strength and beauty to rejoice upon another anniversary. It was the *fiftieth* return of that immortal day, and we hailed it as our *first Jubilee*. Eloquence uttered her richest strains, and poetry breathed her inspired notes. The Statesman of every party, and the Christian of every profession, were gathered together: the one, proud of the triumph of free principles, and looking with delighted gratitude on the blessings showered around him; while the other turned his thoughts to the unceasing goodness of Providence, who had manifested such signal care for a chosen land. Every heart was elevated with gladness, and great joy made the horizon bright—but, behold a cloud arises! Suddenly “hush! are the heavens with black, day yields to night!” The sound of festivity had scarcely died away, when—hark!—the voice of wailing and lamentation is borne on the breeze! It was no deception—it was no dream! It was a People weeping for their Father! They had, on the holy day, gathered around him—their theme was Independence, and his praises were mingled with their song. But, at the moment they would have held communion with him, he was caught up into the skies. At the moment they would have relieved his sorrows, he left a world where troubles could approach him. We stood amazed, as if a great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from its orbit, at the time when every telescope was levelled for the examination of its brightness!

Seldom does it occur that history has to record so remarkable an event, as the death of Jefferson. Seldom does the eulogist find so splendid a subject for his praise. When, in the course of nature, a human being, in the ordinary ranks of life is bowed by death into the tomb, it is a matter of no surprise, and excites no public attention. The place of the departed is soon filled up, and his existence is forgotten. His grave may be moistened by the tears of a few relatives, yet grief for his loss is confined within narrow limits. But the king of terrors has now snatched away no ordinary victim. He, whom we mourn, was surpassing great;—great in intellect,—great in the stores of knowledge; great in the highest offices a nation could bestow,—great in the occupations of retired old age; great throughout his life,—great—even sublime, at the hour of his death! It was not the greatness of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Bonaparte, which distinguished our Jefferson; it was the greatness of Lycurgus, of Solon, of Aristides; the greatness of Alfred and of Washington.—And is this man dead? Alas! “All that’s bright must fade!” He whom, on the *Fourth of July*, no one could forget; who we fondly hoped was then uniting in the rejoicings of his country, was indeed but hovering over the earth, ready to take his flight to an eternal rest. We were elated at the prosperity of our country, and thankful that some of those who led the way to independence still remained among us. We turned our eyes, glistening with tears of gratitude, to Monticello, to greet the venerable sage, and the hearts of millions of our countrymen were with us in doing homage to our benefactor. Space separated him, but his spirit was over the land, and at the moment we spoke and sung his praises, he exclaimed—“It is enough! I depart in peace! God, my spirit’s thine! My country—there’s my child!” He sunk without a struggle into the arms of death, with the calm grandeur of the set-

ting sun, and entered the portals of another world, a sublime messenger to his compeers of '76.

When the grave closed over Jefferson, one of the few remaining links which connected us with a race of singularly gifted men of the last generation, was snapped asunder. He was not merely the survivor of the great personages of the old school, of whom we shall never again see the resemblance, but of numerous cotemporaries, distinguished no less by their acquirements, than by the parts they acted in political life, the impress they produced on the opinions of their time, and the prosperous direction they gave to the affairs of their country. They have left none behind them their superiors in learning and eloquence, and none who outstrip them in force of character, and clearness and strength of intellect. Energetic and firm in the principles they advocated, they clung to the sentiment of "*Country*," at any sacrifice. These shining lights America must never expect hereafter to see, individually excelled in brightness, though her combined intellectual power may far transcend what she has ever yet exhibited. New stars are continually starting on our sight in the firmament, but can they obscure the superior luminaries? Can the men of other times be forgotten? Can the great names of the last half of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the nineteenth century, ever perish from among us? Never! But it is with a deep and melancholy sense of the perishableness of the noblest qualities of earth, that we behold the going out of the most conspicuous among the last of the race.—Jefferson had long been almost alone; yet he felt but little of his loneliness. He was no mouldering ruin standing solitary and dismantled. He was no Ossian, who had witnessed the ravages of successive generations, mourning his own desolate condition, and calling on the spirits of his companions in every passing cloud. It was enough that his country was around him—a garden which had been watered by his care, and grown up and flourished, throwing over him its foliage, bearing him precious fruit, and waving about his head "with perfume and with beauty." He was amidst a new generation whom he called his children—with whom he held communion, and in whose breasts he lighted up a holy emulation, speaking with

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"

of the deeds of other days. He reasoned high, while they listened, of Freedom's ho-

ly offices, and the noble birthright he and his brethren had purchased for them. All addressed him as a venerable parent; he answered them in affection. Each one approached—no matter what section claimed him, no matter what land gave him birth; he dispensed advice on every topic, and none who asked his counsel were sent empty away. No: my countrymen, in this dignified occupation of his time, he was not alone; the beings of his hopes were around him; the creatures of his expectations nestled under his wing; the future guardians of his beloved country called forth his care. It was in this scene he died; and in what grandeur did the sun go down! Thus after the glorious orb of day has finished his heavenly course, we behold his golden set; we see him sinking below the horizon, but leaving for a short time his mantle of light to clothe the western sky; and in gazing on the prospect we are silent and awed, and remain in that soft, contemplative, and melancholy mood which invades the mind when the great lamp descends. So have we now been left. Our Jefferson has made his "golden set;" but in contemplating the event, our regret for his loss is softened by the glory and happiness of his death. The virtues are awakened, and animosities laid asleep; a fraternal interest pervades every bosom, and we feel as travellers suddenly deprived of an old and experienced guide, who had led them over the dangers of their course. These feelings are worthy of the great man we mourn. How could it be otherwise? How could we meet at his grave, and while we moistened it with tears, cherish an unkind feeling to aught that breathes? How, while we bowed at the tomb of the great philanthropist, could we narrow the heart with one ungenerous sentiment? Such a benign influence is the peculiar privilege of virtue: such gratitude belongs to a generous people. For what does this universal commemoration speak for the character of America? It tells of that sincere heartfelt admiration of virtue combined with greatness which leads to emulation. It tells the world that the patriots of America are not empty bubbles blown into the air by the breath of the flattering multitude; but men who acted with such firmness and wisdom, that the recollection of their history is borne deep in the heart, to be bequeathed from generation to generation, and still inherited unimpaired by the remotest posterity. It tells, too, that the funeral train of Jefferson is not the lengthened, pompous, and bustling procession of officials, in robes and

plumes of black, bearing from province to province, with horrid publicity and stately splendour, the crumbling body of an emperor; but millions of his tearful grateful countrymen, gathering promiscuously and without form, to eulogise the unsullied name of their great fellow citizen.—Was he a *sage*?—The monuments of his wisdom are over the land. Was he a *philosopher*?—Every American is his pupil.—Was he a *statesman*?—His official papers and his acts are models for the governors of a free people. Was he a *patriot*?—The national festival of his country commemorates his heroic defiance of unjust power. Was he a *philanthropist*?—Oppression cowers at his name, and conscience drops her shackles. Was he *favoured of Heaven*?—Mark the day of his death—the manner he died. Is he *remembered*?—Sweep the Atlantic coast—cross the Alleghany—pass the vales of the Mississippi—traverse the wild prairies of the west—every where the anthem rises, the chorus swells, the knell is tolled to proclaim that Jefferson can never be forgotten! Kings! your monuments may decay—even the marble crumble into dust—your names become as though they had never been—but the American President will be remembered till the Angel of Eternity pronounces “time to be no longer!”

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In recurring, as is proper on this occasion, to the life of the deceased patriot, we may put his conduct to the closest inspection. Having spent his youth in profound study and diligent research, he came forward

prepared to lead and to instruct, and at his very first appearance in public life, he enrolled himself as an Apostle of Liberty. His situation, with regard to family and fortune, held out to him the fairest prospects under the royal government; and probably every inducement of self-interest urged him to join the aristocratical band, whose tenets were *passive obedience and non-resistance*. He spurned the doctrine, and opposed oppression; and while he was hardly yet arrived at manhood, he was a distinguished advocate of the people in the State Assembly. He was one of those who contributed so much by their writings to open the eyes of the colonists to the oppression which was stealing upon them; he enlightened their minds with a knowledge of their rights, and infused into those around him his own determined spirit to maintain their liberties. He rose from the ranks of common men, and spread the splendour of his intellect abroad; he soon reached the highest offices, and his fame extended; and when he appeared at the national Convention, a name had preceded him for bold, vigorous, and luminous writing. His powers were constantly in exercise, and he early became the unseen and silent, but resistless spirit that animated every measure. Every Committee found confidence and support in his profound judgment, his deep penetration, and his extensive and various information. When the trying moment arrived—when the people were to decide whether they should struggle for their rights as colonies, or as an independent nation, he hesitated not, but “with almost a rope about his neck,” fearlessly advised a declaration of disunion from Britain. And when Americans were ready to hazard the bold measure, to his enlightened mind, to the forceful reasoning, and resistless eloquence of his pen, was committed the composition of that splendid document, which suddenly flashed amid the night of our troubles, and became the flame of light to guide in the darkness of Revolution. How hallowed the day which gave that paper to the world! How many precious recollections are embodied in it! What lustre does it shed on the name of Thomas Jefferson! Behold, with what enthusiasm twelve millions of people hail it on its annual return! It is a day blessed among a mighty nation—it belongs to Jefferson! The day of his glory—the day of his death! In ’76 it elevated him before the eyes of men; in 1826, it hid him forever!

Yet did not this performance consummate the glory of the American citizen. He ad-

ministered the chief magistracy of his native state with the greatest honour, and was distinguished in aiding the struggle for freedom, while in that office by his liberal views, his extensive influence, and the unceasing activity of his operations. For his patriotic conduct, and the important services he rendered, he received a special vote of thanks from Congress.—Nor was he idle in his legislative capacity; the statute books of Virginia are full of the evidences of his industry and talents. The traffic of slaves received its first vigorous attack from the resolutions of his pen; and the state which is now branded as the strong-hold of slavery was the first to raise her voice against it.—He entered the lists with the prejudices of mankind, and penetrated with a conquering arm to the fortresses of injustice, inequality, and oppression. In the union of church and state, Religion had been an impious instrument in the hands of the politician; but our legislator tore the unnatural bonds asunder, and toleration walked abroad. He brought to light, and advocated till it triumphed, the great truth that “Almighty God created the mind free, and that all attempts to influence it by temporal punishments or burthens, or by civil incapacitation, tend only to beget hypocrisy and meanness, and are a departure from the plan of the holy author of our religion, who being Lord both of body and mind chose not to propagate his doctrines by coercive measures.” These sentiments gradually spread with a magic power; the inquisition was revealed as the engine of the prince of darkness, and the stake denounced as the inhuman resort of bigotry and fanaticism.

No man was better acquainted with the institutions of civil society and the objects of good government, whose practical character he was convinced often depends on a variety of considerations besides the abstract frame of its constitutional organization. Among these, he was led seriously to consider the state of property, and finding it entirely unfavorable to the maintenance of a popular government, he attacked the unequal distribution which existed, bore down the barrier of privileged orders, and regulated alienation and descent. A free circulation having thus been obtained, that which was before in the exclusive possession of a few, began to be continually changing its masters, moving in its successive parts like the waves of the sea; and now, as Judge Story has said, the richest man among us may be brought down to the humblest level, and the child with scarcely clothes enough to cover his nakedness, may arise to the

highest offices in our government. It was Jefferson who has consoled the poor man, who, while he rocks his infant on his knee, may justly indulge the hope that if his son possess talents and virtue, there is no office beyond the reach of his honorable ambition.

But, even after these great reformatations, of which he was the leader, he was not yet to die. He had, indeed, fame enough; and no man who had served his country, looking around him on the national power and prosperity he had created, had better pretensions to exclaim: "*Hæ sunt meæ imagines, hæc nobilitas, non hæreditate relicta, sed quæ ego plurimis laboribus, et periculis quæsi.*" He was a man who possessed a rare combination of excellence: "*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*" He presided in the Senate, and the rules by which he governed himself are now considered as a code of parliamentary practice. He occupied the chair of State, and his political papers are considered standards for imitation in diplomatic intercourse. He stood at the helm of government, and his maxims form a chart to instruct and direct, in calm or boisterous seas. In his retirement, he was an example of republican greatness, returning at a proper time to the level of the people, living in simplicity but dignity, and spreading around him, as from a centre, the warming rays of improvement. Viewing his whole life, we find him one of those prodigious men who appear at intervals, with a character of resistless domination. He seemed to have been animated by a certain inspiration, to have been borne irresistibly into a sphere too resplendent for ordinary minds to reach. Whatever success he gained, he was still greater than his fortune. He passed the most arduous trials; and in his most exalted stations, his practice was always an earnest of his professions. His enemies dwindled before him, and from amid the foulest charges his character emerged with renewed splendor, and seemed to brighten under corrosion. His political firmness was undoubted, and though sometimes flexible, he was always determined. He was certainly fond of popularity, and no man ever gained such an ascendancy over the minds of the people. In judgment he was a sage, and, dispassionately governed by experience, he rode with success over the most tempestuous billows of political life. His manners were of the utmost republican simplicity; always easy, yet always master of those who approached him; and loved, even to adoration, by his domestics. Geography and natural history were his favorite studies;

yet it is well known that he drank deeply at the fountain of ancient learning, and imbibed history with surprising discernment. His knowledge of books was, however, less than his knowledge of men; and he considered it an important precept, "*γνῶθι σεαυτόν.*" In policy, he was the Numa of America; he taught her to maintain her independence in the midst of a profound peace; he modelled her civil institutions; and proved that in a well regulated republic the greatest freedom can be enjoyed without anarchy. As the Father of our country had gained the independence of America, it was Jefferson who confirmed it, and settled it with safety on a firm but extensive basis. It was during his administration that the most fearful conspiracy that ever threatened our government reared its horrid head; and Jefferson was the Cicero who detected, traced out, and exposed the schemes of that modern Cataline, Aaron Burr.

Such was Thomas Jefferson in the presidential chair, which he occupied for eight years, having been elected a second time; at the end of these terms he resisted the inclination of the people to continue him in the office; and by his modest retirement, even when his brows were beaming with glory, strengthened the worthy precedent the great and good Washington had established. Shall we say more of our statesman? Shall we follow him to his retirement? Shall we tell you that he considered the liberties of his country but half secured without extensive institutions for popular education? Shall we tell you that he undertook the most arduous duties in the foundation of a University? From this, indeed, he is now snatched away, after having conducted it with success thus far—but in leaving this world, may he have dropped his mantle on those who are in future to direct the favorite of his old age. Shall we tell you that, himself a man of letters, he was the patron of literature?—that, combining utility with his exercises and amusements, he practised some of the mechanic arts, and encouraged the residence of worthy artisans in his neighbourhood? No—we can say nothing that is not already known. Every American is acquainted with the life and character of Thomas Jefferson. His history is familiar to every one; and the loftiest eulogy could not increase his glory—the highest, the most costly monument would be superfluous.—Like Washington, *he*, too, lives in the hearts of his countrymen—and with his country his

spirit still remains ; of this we shall never be deprived :

"Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die!"

The forms of Jefferson and Adams are now buried in the tomb : can any one reflecting on the circumstances of his country be blind to the important relations in which she stands to the rest of the world, and forget that these men were the foremost in making our Union a great and prosperous Republic? Has not the finger of Heaven touched the land, and, by their death, pointed them out as beacons of encouragement to the rest of the world?—raised them as of old to Constantine the flaming cross, inscribing their memories with "*ΕΥ ΤΕΤΑ ΝΙΚΑ!*" Yes, by such a sign we *shall* conquer—their names have already been echoed, with talismanic power, along the Andes, and reverberated thro' the hills of Greece!—

But, now their history is ours—their praise is ours; and let us forever bless them who blessed us—let us forever hold their names

in reverence, whose ambition was the welfare of their country, and who asked no reward for their patriotism. Let us enshrine their characters with those already departed, to whom the prosperity of our country may be ascribed, and with whose memory the nation's fame will ever be associated.—But, what is the benefit of their well spent lives? Have they reached the sublime summits of fame, and vanished into nothingness? No : their example belongs to us, and shall we neglect it? Shall we neglect those whose praises we have heard from our childhood, whom perhaps we have never seen, but who spoke to us from the grave? In the tones of their first eloquent eulogist they exclaim,

—————"Be just and fear not ;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's
Thy God's and truth's!"

"Then shall thy lifeless body sleep in blessings and the tears of a nation water thy grave!"

EULOGY

ON

THOMAS JEFFERSON,

DELIVERED AT THE COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, D. C.

ON THE FOURTH OF OCTOBER, 1826.

BY JOHN W. JAMES,

A Member of the Senior Class.

"Magnanimous in youth, glorious in life, great in death."

WASHINGTON.

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1826.

Eulogy.



AMIDST the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been lately stunned by one of those powerful death notes, which are pealed at intervals as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. THOMAS JEFFERSON, who has so long and so amply filled one of the highest places in the eyes of his countrymen, has shared the lot of humanity!—There was a sound of mirth throughout our borders. America had gathered then her strength and beauty to rejoice upon another anniversary. It was the *fiftieth* return of that immortal day, and we hailed it as our *first Jubilee*. Eloquence uttered her richest strains, and poetry breathed her inspired notes. The Statesman of every party, and the Christian of every profession, were gathered together: the one, proud of the triumph of free principles, and looking with delighted gratitude on the blessings showered around him; while the other turned his thoughts to the unceasing goodness of Providence, who had manifested such signal care for a chosen land. Every heart was elevated with gladness, and great joy made the horizon bright—but, behold a cloud arises! Suddenly “hung are the heavens with black, day yields to night!” The sound of festivity had scarcely died away, when—hark!—the voice of wailing and lamentation is borne on the breeze! It was no deception—it was no dream!—It was a People weeping for their Father! They had, on the holy day, gathered around him—their theme was Independence, and his praises were mingled with their song. But, at the moment they would have held communion with him, he was caught up into the skies. At the moment they would have relieved his sorrows, he left a world where troubles could approach him. We stood amazed, as if a great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from its orbit, at the time when every telescope was levelled for the examination of its brightness!

Seldom does it occur that history has to record so remarkable an event, as the death of Jefferson. Seldom does the eulogist find so splendid a subject for his praise. When, in the course of nature, a human being, in the ordinary ranks of life is bowed by death into the tomb, it is a matter of no surprise, and excites no public attention. The place of the departed is soon filled up, and his existence is forgotten. His grave may be moistened by the tears of a few relatives, yet grief for his loss is confined within narrow limits. But the king of terrors has now snatched away no ordinary victim. He, whom we mourn, was surpassing great;—great in intellect,—great in the stores of knowledge; great in the highest offices a nation could bestow,—great in the occupations of retired old age; great throughout his life,—great—even sublime, at the hour of his death! It was not the greatness of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Bonaparte, which distinguished our Jefferson; it was the greatness of Lycurgus, of Solon, of Aristides; the greatness of Alfred and of Washington.—And is this man dead? Alas! “All that’s bright must fade!” He whom, on the *Fourth of July*, no one could forget; who we fondly hoped was then uniting in the rejoicings of his country, was indeed but hovering over the earth, ready to take his flight to an eternal rest. We were elated at the prosperity of our country, and thankful that some of those who led the way to independence still remained among us. We turned our eyes, glistening with tears of gratitude, to Monticello, to greet the venerable sage, and the hearts of millions of our countrymen were with us in doing homage to our benefactor. Space separated him, but his spirit was over the land, and at the moment we spoke and sung his praises, he exclaimed—“It is enough! I depart in peace! God, my spirit’s thine! My country—there’s my child!” He sunk without a struggle into the arms of death, with the calm grandeur of the set-

ting sun, and entered the portals of another world, a sublime messenger to his compeers of '76.

When the grave closed over Jefferson, one of the few remaining links which connected us with a race of singularly gifted men of the last generation, was snapped asunder. He was not merely the survivor of the great personages of the old school, of whom we shall never again see the resemblance, but of numerous cotemporaries, distinguished no less by their acquirements, than by the parts they acted in political life, the impress they produced on the opinions of their time, and the prosperous direction they gave to the affairs of their country. They have left none behind them their superiors in learning and eloquence, and none who outstrip them in force of character, and clearness and strength of intellect. Energetic and firm in the principles they advocated, they clung to the sentiment of "*Country*," at any sacrifice. These shining lights America must never expect hereafter to see, individually excelled in brightness, though her combined intellectual power may far transcend what she has ever yet exhibited. New stars are continually starting on our sight in the firmament, but can they obscure the superior luminaries? Can the men of other times be forgotten? Can the great names of the last half of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the nineteenth century, ever perish from among us? Never! But it is with a deep and melancholy sense of the perishableness of the noblest qualities of earth, that we behold the going out of the most conspicuous among the last of the race.—Jefferson had long been almost alone; yet he felt but little of his loneliness. He was no mouldering ruin standing solitary and dismantled. He was no Ossian, who had witnessed the ravages of successive generations, mourning his own desolate condition, and calling on the spirits of his companions in every passing cloud. It was enough that his country was around him—a garden which had been watered by his care, and grown up and flourished, throwing over him its foliage, bearing him precious fruit, and waving about his head "with perfume and with beauty." He was amidst a new generation whom he called his children—with whom he held communion, and in whose breasts he lighted up a holy emulation, speaking with

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," of the deeds of other days. He reasoned high, while they listened, of Freedom's ho-

ly offices, and the noble birthright he and his brethren had purchased for them. All addressed him as a venerable parent; he answered them in affection. Each one approached—no matter what section claimed him, no matter what land gave him birth; he dispensed advice on every topic, and none who asked his counsel were sent empty away. No; my countrymen, in this dignified occupation of his time, he was not alone; the beings of his hopes were around him; the creatures of his expectations nestled under his wing; the future guardians of his beloved country called forth his care. It was in this scene he died; and in what grandeur did the sun go down! Thus after the glorious orb of day has finished his heavenly course, we behold his golden set; we see him sinking below the horizon, but leaving for a short time his mantle of light to clothe the western sky; and in gazing on the prospect we are silent and awed, and remain in that soft, contemplative, and melancholy mood which invades the mind when the great lamp descends. So have we now been left. Our Jefferson has made his "golden set;" but in contemplating the event, our regret for his loss is softened by the glory and happiness of his death. The virtues are awakened, and animosities laid asleep; a fraternal interest pervades every bosom, and we feel as travellers suddenly deprived of an old and experienced guide, who had led them over the dangers of their course. These feelings are worthy of the great man we mourn. How could it be otherwise? How could we meet at his grave, and while we moistened it with tears, cherish an unkind feeling to aught that breathes? How, while we bowed at the tomb of the great philanthropist, could we narrow the heart with one ungenerous sentiment? Such a benign influence is the peculiar privilege of virtue: such gratitude belongs to a generous people. For what does this universal commemoration speak for the character of America? It tells of that sincere heartfelt admiration of virtue combined with greatness which leads to emulation. It tells the world that the patriots of America are not empty bubbles blown into the air by the breath of the flattering multitude; but men who acted with such firmness and wisdom, that the recollection of their history is borne deep in the heart, to be bequeathed from generation to generation, and still inherited unimpaired by the remotest posterity. It tells, too, that the funeral train of Jefferson is not the lengthened, pompous, and bustling procession of officials, in robes and

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prepared to lead and to instruct, and at his very first appearance in public life, he enrolled himself as an Apostle of Liberty. His situation, with regard to family and fortune, held out to him the fairest prospects under the royal government; and probably every inducement of self-interest urged him to join the aristocratical band, whose tenets were *passive obedience and non-resistance*. He spurned the doctrine, and opposed oppression; and while he was hardly yet arrived at manhood, he was a distinguished advocate of the people in the State Assembly. He was one of those who contributed so much by their writings to open the eyes of the colonists to the oppression which was stealing upon them; he enlightened their minds with a knowledge of their rights, and infused into those around him his own determined spirit to maintain their liberties. He rose from the ranks of common men, and spread the splendour of his intellect abroad; he soon reached the highest offices, and his fame extended; and when he appeared at the national Convention, a name had preceded him for bold, vigorous, and luminous writing. His powers were constantly in exercise, and he early became the unseen and silent, but resistless spirit that animated every measure. Every Committee found confidence and support in his profound judgment, his deep penetration, and his extensive and various information. When the trying moment arrived—when the people were to decide whether they should struggle for their rights as colonies, or as an independent nation, he hesitated not, but “with almost a rope about his neck,” fearlessly advised a declaration of disunion from Britain. And when Americans were ready to hazard the bold measure, to his enlightened mind, to the forceful reasoning, and resistless eloquence of his pen, was committed the composition of that splendid document, which suddenly flashed amid the night of our troubles, and became the flame of light to guide in the darkness of Revolution. How hallowed the day which gave that paper to the world! How many precious recollections are embodied in it! What lustre does it shed on the name of Thomas Jefferson! Behold, with what enthusiasm twelve millions of people hail it on its annual return! It is a day blessed among a mighty nation—it belongs to Jefferson! The day of his glory—the day of his death! In ’76 it elevated him before the eyes of men; in 1826, it hid him forever!

Yet did not this performance consummate the glory of the American citizen. He ad-

ministered the chief magistracy of his native state with the greatest honour, and was distinguished in aiding the struggle for freedom, while in that office by his liberal views, his extensive influence, and the unceasing activity of his operations. For his patriotic conduct, and the important services he rendered, he received a special vote of thanks from Congress.—Nor was he idle in his legislative capacity; the statue books of Virginia are full of the evidences of his industry and talents. The traffic of slaves received its first vigorous attack from the resolutions of his pen; and the state which is now branded as the strong-hold of slavery was the first to raise her voice against it.—He entered the lists with the prejudices of mankind, and penetrated with a conquering arm to the fortresses of injustice, inequality, and oppression. In the union of church and state, Religion had been an impious instrument in the hands of the politician; but our legislator tore the unnatural bonds asunder, and toleration walked abroad. He brought to light, and advocated till it triumphed, the great truth that “Almighty God created the mind free, and that all attempts to influence it by temporal punishments or burthens, or by civil incapacitation, tend only to beget hypocrisy and meanness, and are a departure from the plan of the holy author of our religion, who being Lord both of body and mind chose not to propagate his doctrines by coercive measures.” These sentiments gradually spread with a magic power; the inquisition was revealed as the engine of the prince of darkness, and the stake denounced as the inhuman resort of bigotry and fanaticism.

No man was better acquainted with the institutions of civil society and the objects of good government, whose practical character he was convinced often depends on a variety of considerations besides the abstract frame of its constitutional organization. Among these, he was led seriously to consider the state of property, and finding it entirely unfavorable to the maintenance of a popular government, he attacked the unequal distribution which existed, bore down the barrier of privileged orders, and regulated alienation and descent. A free circulation having thus been obtained, that which was before in the exclusive possession of a few, began to be continually changing its masters, moving in its successive parts like the waves of the sea; and now, as Judge Story has said, the richest man among us may be brought down to the humblest level, and the child with scarcely clothes enough to cover his nakedness, may arise to the

highest offices in our government. It was Jefferson who has consoled the poor man, who, while he rocks his infant on his knee, may justly indulge the hope that if his son possess talents and virtue, there is no office beyond the reach of his honorable ambition.

But, even after these great reformatations, of which he was the leader, he was not yet to die. He had, indeed, fame enough; and no man who had served his country, looking around him on the national power and prosperity he had created, had better pretensions to exclaim: "*Hæ sunt meæ imagines, hæc nobilitas, non hæreditate relicta, sed quæ ego plurimis laboribus, et periculis quæsi.*" He was a man who possessed a rare combination of excellence: "*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*" He presided in the Senate, and the rules by which he governed himself are now considered as a code of parliamentary practice. He occupied the chair of State, and his political papers are considered standards for imitation in diplomatic intercourse. He stood at the helm of government, and his maxims form a chart to instruct and direct, in calm or boisterous seas. In his retirement, he was an example of republican greatness, returning at a proper time to the level of the people, living in simplicity but dignity, and spreading around him, as from a centre, the warming rays of improvement. Viewing his whole life, we find him one of those prodigious men who appear at intervals, with a character of restless domination. He seemed to have been animated by a certain inspiration, to have been borne irresistibly into a sphere so resplendent for ordinary minds to reach. Whatever success he gained, he was still greater than his fortune. He passed the most arduous trials; and in his most exalted positions, his practice was always an earnest of his professions. His enemies dwindled before him, and from amid the foulest charges his character emerged with renewed luster, and seemed to brighten under erosion. His political firmness was undoubted, and though sometimes flexible, he was always determined. He was certainly devoid of popularity, and no man ever gained such an ascendancy over the minds of the people. In judgment he was a sage, and, dispassionately governed by experience, he rode with success over the most tempestuous flows of political life. His manners were of the utmost republican simplicity; always easy, yet always master of those who approached him; and loved, even to adoration, by his domestics. Geography and natural history were his favorite studies;

yet it is well known that he drank deeply at the fountain of ancient learning, and imbibed history with surprising discernment. His knowledge of books was, however, less than his knowledge of men; and he considered it an important precept, "*γνῶθι σεαυτόν.*" In policy, he was the Numa of America; he taught her to maintain her independence in the midst of a profound peace; he modelled her civil institutions; and proved that in a well regulated republic the greatest freedom can be enjoyed without anarchy. As the Father of our country had gained the independence of America, it was Jefferson who confirmed it, and settled it with safety on a firm but extensive basis. It was during his administration that the most fearful conspiracy that ever threatened our government reared its horrid head; and Jefferson was the Cicero who detected, traced out, and exposed the schemes of that modern Cataline, Aaron Burr.

Such was Thomas Jefferson in the presidential chair, which he occupied for eight years, having been elected a second time; at the end of these terms he resisted the inclination of the people to continue him in the office; and by his modest retirement, even when his brows were beaming with glory, strengthened the worthy precedent the great and good Washington had established. Shall we say more of our statesman? Shall we follow him to his retirement? Shall we tell you that he considered the liberties of his country but half secured without extensive institutions for popular education? Shall we tell you that he undertook the most arduous duties in the foundation of a University? From this, indeed, he is now snatched away, after having conducted it with success thus far—but in leaving this world, may he have dropped his mantle on those who are in future to direct the favorite of his old age. Shall we tell you that, himself a man of letters, he was the patron of literature?—that, combining utility with his exercises and amusements, he practised some of the mechanic arts, and encouraged the residence of worthy artisans in his neighbourhood? No—we can say nothing that is not already known. Every American is acquainted with the life and character of Thomas Jefferson. His history is familiar to every one; and the loftiest eulogy could not increase his glory—the highest, the most costly monument would be superfluous.—Like Washington, *he*, too, lives in the hearts of his countrymen—and with his country his

spirit still remains ; of this we shall never be deprived :

"Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die!"

The forms of Jefferson and Adams are now buried in the tomb : can any one reflecting on the circumstances of his country be blind to the important relations in which she stands to the rest of the world, and forget that these men were the foremost in making our Union a great and prosperous Republic? Has not the finger of Heaven touched the land, and, by their death, pointed them out as beacons of encouragement to the rest of the world?—raised them as of old to Constantine the flaming cross, inscribing their memories with "ΕΥ ΤΑΤΑ ΝΙΚΑ!" Yes, by such a sign we *shall* conquer—their names have already been echoed, with talismanic power, along the Andes, and reverberated thro' the hills of Greece!—

But, now their history is ours—their praise is ours; and let us forever bless them who blessed us—let us forever hold their names

in reverence, whose ambition was the welfare of their country, and who asked no reward for their patriotism. Let us enshrine their characters with those already departed, to whom the prosperity of our country may be ascribed, and with whose memory the nation's fame will ever be associated.—But, what is the benefit of their well spent lives? Have they reached the sublime summits of fame, and vanished into nothingness? No : their example belongs to us, and shall we neglect it? Shall we neglect those whose praises we have heard from our childhood, whom perhaps we have never seen, but who spoke to us from the grave? In the tones of their first eloquent eulogist they exclaim,

—————"Be just and fear not ;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's
Thy God's and truth's!"

"Then shall thy lifeless body sleep in blessings and the tears of a nation water thy grave!"

